

I'm at this age,
this age I'm at,
at this age,

I thought I'd be self healing
cell healing.

That the breaks would be
smaller because all
the big ones are named.

Small fractures have layered
into fractal scars that reverse
their beams.

I thought I'd stop
bending around love
about love
tending to adult love
not doubt love.

I thought I'd have
no doubt love
not about love
that is not adult love.

Her and her and her
spoke of and saw my then,
sewing a hem around
my bright red.

The thin skinned heart
loses the attack.

I am a scale of justice
just this
give too much
want too much
clanging act of balance.

Dipping into the
"right thing to do"
at the expense of dirty finger nails,
dusted sun burns and writing a piece

of shit country song
because I could and I did.

I scratch stories on the surface of skins
holding hers and hers and hers
with more care than the
"wrong thing to do"
getting found out.

Forever, since I started remembering that
I would forget, there has been this
attendance list read in my mind.

The absence is the glue.
The presence is tense,
malleable, vivid, livid and lived as mine.

She and she and she have said
'you're too intense' though the
intent of care has been bottled up,
then to dripping ink that
she and she and she
waste on pages of their own.

Exact rhymes with armor
are farmer and harm her.

She and she and she tended to
the crop marks left by the previous
her and her and her
with firm stitches and buoyant wishes.

Beautiful things infected by abandoned truth.

Three by three and six by six.

I heard the delicate earth as it crumbled,
tapping and gathering on top of me
as each of them falling for the last time.

The thin skinned heart
lost the attack.

Rachel Cyrene Blackman